

out all night, got impatient, and made an attempt to push in, which proved fatal to his ship, to the whole crew and himself, and nearly so to us. He availed himself of a light breeze from the land, and made towards the entrance of the river, to pass between St. Julien Castle and the North Cashops. Our pilot seeing this, shook his head; but he said, "If that man gets in to-day, and I keep the sea until to-morrow, reflections will be made upon me—the more so as this vessel sails so much faster than his." He, therefore, decided on following. The ship had the start of us; however, we overtook her, but it happened to be in an awful moment; just as we came opposite the castle, it fell calm on a sudden—a strong current, coming round the point facing the river, runs with great force immediately over the North Cashop, and there meeting the swell from the Western Ocean, causes tremendous breakers over that shore. Thus becalmed, we found ourselves in this current, and impelled towards what appeared certain destruction; both vessels, not more than fifty yards from one another, having yet some head-way, we shot a little a head of our consort, when, in a few minutes after, she was driven amongst the breakers, and as it were in the twinkling of an eye dashed to pieces. Pilot and all hands perished within five hundred yards of us. They had lowered their stern boat into the water; I saw two of the sailors